

W. H. Stuart

NORMAL SPOTLIGHT

**Mansfield, Pa.
May, 1917**

**Contributors: Myron B. Deily,
Elaine Manley, B. B. Powell.**

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Normal Spotlight

Volume 2

M A Y

No. 8

"The Supreme Poet of Democracy."

By Myron B. Deily.

To bring about the restoration of society to its normal condition, the great Maker of the universe sends forth from time to time special messengers, to arouse, stimulate and lead into the right way, the erring sons of men. These messengers may come as prophet, priest, king, philosopher, poet, according to the demand of the hour; but in whatever rôle they appear, their duty is always the same, to call back to nature and to truth the spoiled children of "convention and affectation." Of these messengers the widest in his range is the poet. The king is too often restricted by the hardness of the material with which he has to deal, the priest too often finds his usefulness confined by the forms of the church; the great poet is hampered in his honest utterances by no forces external to his own genius. The works of great poets, then, are the evangels of nature to all who have ears to hear. Such were the lyrics of Pindar to the Greeks; the odes of Horace to the Romans; the dramas of Shakespeare to the English; the songs of Robert Burns to the Scotch people and to the world.

On the twenty-fifth of January, 1759, about two miles from the picturesque town of Ayr, in a little clay built cottage, Robert Burns was born. His was an age of action in the world round about, for he lived in an age of great men and great deeds. Voltaire, Kant, Napoleon, Burke, Fulton, Franklin, Washington were his contemporaries and the American and French Revolutions were in progress during his life. It was an age of new things and Burns was essentially a poet of new things,—a poet of democracy. We recognize this when we examine his views on the land laws of his country and on the burning political topics of his time for here it is that we see the fearless reformer in all his native dignity, proclaiming to the common people among whom he lived and labored, the truth as he saw it. The "corruption of the kirk" and the petty tyrannies of the Scottish land-lords were condemned in scathing terms. His "rantin' rhymes" were the sling, his telling irony and sarcasm the pebbles with which this modern David slew the giant of tyranny and oppression. From the depths of a heart full of compassion we hear such words as, "why has man the will and power to make his fellows mourn?" or "why should a man fare better than anither and a' men brithers?"

With his character and his genius, Burns of necessity had a mission to perform, and he performed it

successfully and triumphantly. Into that cold, intellectual atmosphere of the eighteenth century he brought the warmth and idealism of a great poet-soul. To him the things of common life were tinged with a romantic interest that has enthroned them for all time. The world of his time sadly needed to be taught the significance and romantic beauty of the real and the lowly, and that lesson no man was better fitted to teach than the Ayrshire bard, "the poet of the common people." The annals of the poorest peasant's life are now as immortal as the exploits of Hector or the victories of Achilles. Little things have become great since Burns sang of them. To him, the sons and daughters of honest toil were God's own kings and queens. Perhaps no one ever sang about "lads and lassies,"—that universal race, mainly the same through all ages and all lands—on their own plane as Burns has. The mouse is a demigod now; the daisy a flower fit for the garden of the Gods. The oft recurring Saturday night of the humble peasant is now no longer the thing it was; it has become one of the sacraments of life.

But we have not forgotten the poet's faults; they, too, are a part of his story to be told and retold to the end of time; but how unmistakably the light of his genius "shines across the storm of his life," full of radiance, full of splendor. And as some one has said,—"let them judge who will; we at least will stand silent in the presence of this tragic victory; this mortal infirmity rising to immortal achievement."

If there was ever any one who could say, "I am a man and all things human are to me akin," it was Robert Burns. In every line the man is there completely alive. No poet has more effectively written out his life in his works than he. Nor is he offensively personal; but whatever his subject, one feels that the man is in the midst of it, that his song is the direct utterance of an honest self, a message of a heart throbbing with varying emotions, now filled with a sympathy for the weak and oppressed, now voicing with unaffected yet passionate zeal the old, old story of love, now holding forth against the bondage of cold formalism of the past, proclaiming his devotion to the cause of freedom, pealing forth the anthem of "liberty, fraternity, equality, that men to men might brothers be the whole world o'er. There is no insincerity in Burns, no affectation. The song may come wild as the waters of the

thundering chasm or mild as a summer dew, but it is always spontaneous, always natural. In any style, tenderly pathetic or wildly humorous, the "poet is still the man." He is found on the broad highway with you or me or any common treader of the causeway; he hires no aeroplane from the muses, to career about in ethereal climes far from human flesh and blood, but he enters the omnibus or car with the ordinary man and trolls forth his merry lay to the rattling of the wheels as merrily as if it were the music of the spheres.

Then, too, Burns has fulfilled in the greatest possible measure his mission as a poet. To quote his famous countryman, Carlyle, he was a veritable fountain of inspiration, "bursting from the depths of earth, with a full, gushing current into the light of day; and often has the traveler turned aside to drink of its clear waters, and muse among its rocks and pines."

Burns is immortal for he lives not only in what he himself has written but also in the works of others whose genius he has inspired. In speaking of Burns Whitman says,—"After summing him up in all lights, he remains the tenderest, manliest and dearest flesh and blood figure in all the streams and clusters of bygone poets" He is aptly called the "flesh-and-blood" poet for on his poetic stage man is always placed in the foreground and nature is employed to give human emotion a proper setting. His songs carry us into the open air to saunter through the rye, to stop with some pretty reaper amid the harvest, to make friends with the "timorous beastie" or the "wee crimson tipped flower." The scent of hay is always on his garments but the cry of living things is ever in his speech.

Burns is one of those who have made old Scotia great and were her dull skies cheated of his silvery notes, they would be robbed indeed. As it is Scotland lies beyond the touch of time and change in the songs of Robert Burns. How deep is his knowledge of life; how wonderful his sympathetic and penetrating insight; how delicate and deep is that fraternity of spirit which has made Burns the best loved poet of democracy and has given to his songs the sweetness and sadness, the mirth and pathos of the "meeting of lovers and the parting of friends the world over," "from the palace to the hut." Her Walter Scott may declaim of castles and fair dames, of crested chiefs and prowess on the tilted field and "a' that"; but it is Robert Burns who sings of the common folk, their homely accents, their fireside ways, their loves, their laughter, their tears—and these are the things that shall endure.

The Bluebird's Song.

A bluebird was swinging high up in a tree,
And singing a song, "purity, purity;"
He sang to himself and thought no one heard;
But someone did hear—a red breasted bird,
Said he, "Tell me your song, sweet singer in blue
And then perhaps I can sing joyfully, too."
"I sing for pure joy," the blue bird replied,
And to make the world better this happy spring tide."
Then spreading his wings he flew off in glee,
But his song could be heard from the old apple tree.
"Purity, purity, I love purity, d'you? d'you?"
And the robin replied, "sir, I do, I do."

Neta Johnson

Geometry by a Geometry Shark (?)

For fifteen awful days I'd crammed
With never a pause for that exam.
I dreamed in ratios for a week,
I chased triangles in my sleep.
While others laughed their time away
I prayed in vain for matter gray
To pull me thru that quiz alive—
Accompanied by a seventy five,
At last it came, oh fateful scene—
Oh misery-laden nine-fifteen!
There's twenty persons in that class
And one by one I saw them pass
Their papers in and leave the room—
Until at length I sat alone.
I worked my brains 'till they were sore,
I never stopped, but worked 'em more.
The more I worked the worse it got
Much worse than any gordian knot.
At last, despaired and half alive
I said farewell to seventy-five.
All limp, I passed my paper in
And saw the famed Rupertian grin
Spread o'er his mathematic face
As bowed and bent I left the place.
But time will pass, tho' you cannot—
Again nine-fifteen by the clock—
Oh I had need of comfort then
When I received my grade of ten,
I bent to drink the "Flunker's Cup"
And found inside a grand make-up.
"Oh pitying Prof., for that new test
May your Rupertian grin be blest!"
'Twas thus within my soul I cried,
And anguished anguish promptly died
For five more awful days I crammed
For pass I must this next exam.
Again I worked my poor brains sore
And never stopped, but worked 'em more,
My head grew light, my face grew hot—
For prove those angles I could not.
Once more despaired, and half alive,
I bade farewell to seventy-five.
I handed that poor paper in,
And watched the odd Rupertian grin
Spread o'er his mathematic face—
As reading thru he found the place.
He wrinkled all his forehead up
He screwed his nose into a knot—
His eyes were little narrow slits—
He scratched his ears and bit his lips—
And sitting there, in misery sunk,
I knew the truth, once more I'd flunked.
I saw him cock an eye at me—
And look me over musingly,
And slowly then unscrew his face
As tho' at length he'd solved my case.
Said he, "I really think you've tried,
We'll stretch the point to seventy-five."

MORAL

Oh teachers old, and soon to be—
Just lend an ear and hark to me—
Wouldst make this life a Paradise?
Then stretch our marks to seventy-fives.

By Elaine Manley.

NORMAL NEWS.

Heck-Pfahler Recital

On Tuesday evening, May 8, 1917, Miss Pauline Heck gave a very fine elocution recital. The program consisted of selections by different authors. The variety of the selections made the recital a very novel and interesting one.

The playing of Miss Jean V. Pfahler, a senior of the music department, helped to make this recital one of the best of the year.

The following program was rendered:—

- I. A monologue.
Miss Heck.
- II. Second Mazurka.....Godard
Miss Pfahler
- III. (a) Fleurette (The Wounded Canadian Speaks).
(b) Son (From Rhymes of a Red Cross Man).
Robert W. Service
Miss Heck
- IV. (a) Valse (Posthumous).....Chopin
(b) Polonaise, Op. 40, No. 1.....Chopin
Miss Pfahler
- V. (a) Lover's Lane.
(b) Boogah.
Paul Lawrence Dunbar
Miss Heck
- VI. Romance LaFarge
Miss Pfahler.

"Best Play of Year."

The dramatic editor of The Mansfield Advertiser had the following to say in reference to the playing of "The Pair of Sixes" by the Alta Petens Society on May 1st:—

Lovers of good clean comedy were given the biggest treat of the year Tuesday evening when they witnessed the production of "The Pair of Sixes" in Alumni Hall by the members of the Alta Petens Literary Society. The play was the last of a series of four productions given by the Normal literary societies during this year and judging from the applause which interrupted the performance from time to time it easily gained the verdict of being the "best school play of the year."

Francis Clifford, as George B. Nettleton, and Donald Arnold, as T. Boggs Johns, took off their parts to perfection. Business partners and always quarreling, Clifford and Arnold kept things going continually and the audience rocked with laughter whenever they would go thru their spicy wrangles. Maurice Woodrow, as Vanderholt, the lawyer, easily measured up to the high standard of acting put on by his two clients, the business partners, and he was truly a star in his role. A clever bit of acting was that demonstrated by Miss Sarah Keagle, as Coddles, the English maid of all work. Although her part was a difficult one, Miss Keagle took it off in a very creditable way. Miss Helen Gordon, as Florence Cole, Johns' sweetheart, was unusually good while the same can be said of Miss Rena Rinehart, who acted the part of Mrs. Nettleton. Others in the play who are deserving of special mention are: Harriet

Wakeman, James O'Brien, Irving Francis, Louis Beauge and Frank Reckus.

A great deal of credit is due Miss Reagan for the splendid way in which the students were trained for their various parts and the success with which the play met is a splendid tribute to her ability as an instructor in dramatic work.

Recital by Miss Evans.

Miss Margaret Willard Evans gave a very interesting and pleasing recital on Saturday evening, April 21, 1917, in Alumni Hall, when she rendered a synopsis of the well known play, "Every Woman." So well did Miss Evans impersonate the different characters of the play that it was difficult to believe that only one person was speaking. Everyone present expressed their supreme appreciation and enjoyment of the entire program by their undivided attention and hearty applause.

The play was divided into the following parts between which the Normal school orchestra played many pleasing selections:—

PART I. Canticle I.

Everywoman, tempted by Flattery, leaves her girlhood home in search of King Love.

PART II. Canticle II.

Everywoman, now a theatrical star, is wooed by Passion.

Canticle III.

She hears recital of the offerings of wealth.

PART III. Canticle IV.

Truth leads Everywoman back to her old home, where King Love awaits her.

Miss Evans cleverly impersonated the following cast:—

Nobody, Youth, Beauty, Modesty—Everywoman's Companions; Everywoman, Flattery, Truth, a Witch, King Love, the First; Wealth, a Millionaire; Conscience, Everywoman's Handmaiden; Passion, a Play Actor; Age, Witless, a Nobleman.

Wilcox on Pitt Fresh Team.

According to recent reports, Orson Wilcox is starting on the Freshmen baseball team of the University of Pittsburgh. He is playing right field and his work thruout the present season has been of the sensational type. In a recent game against the Penn State Freshmen, Wilcox contributed to the hitting column with two safeties and also managed to get away with one stolen base.

Orson was awarded his "numerals" in both football and basketball at Pittsburgh and it now looks as if he is going to get some decorations for his work in baseball. Nothing is too good for Wilcox in our opinion, not even a membership to the French legion of honor. By the way, Dame Rumor has it that Orson is going to France with the hospital unit of the University of Pittsburgh so it would not surprise us in the least to read in the future war dispatches of the legion of honor badge being conferred upon the former local boy.

Austin-Stevens Recital.

Classmates and friends of Miss Anna B. Austin spent an enjoyable evening when they attended her recital given in Alumni Hall on Saturday evening, May 5. Miss Austin displayed wonderful talent in the way she rendered her selections and also excellent control of her voice.

Miss Austin was assisted by Miss Gertrude A. Stevens, who by the way in which she rendered her several vocal selections, greatly appealed to the audience.

Miss Stevens was accompanied on the piano by Miss Elsie Farnham.

The program was as follows:—

- Life's Mirror.....Bridges
Miss Austin
(a) The Mermaid's Song.....Haydn
(b) Her Rose.....Coombs
Miss Stevens
Fatima Hill
Miss Austin
(a) Lullaby (from Jocelyn).....Godard
(b) The Spirit's Song.....Haydn
Miss Stevens
(a) Rock Me to Sleep, Mother.....Allen
(b) In the Morning.....Dunbar
Miss Austin
(a) Murmuring Zephyr.....Jensen
(b) Rose in the Bud.....Forster
Miss Stevens
The Honor of the Woods.....Murray
Miss Austin

Opera A Success.

"The Yokohama Maid," a Japanese comic opera, was presented Friday evening, May 18, in Alumni Hall by the students of the music department under the direction of Prof. C. Bernard Keim, Miss Georgia L. Hoag and Vivian Aston. The production was undoubtedly the biggest musical success of recent years and reflected great credit on those who took part in it as well as on those under whose direction it was given. One of the features in connection with the opera was the excellent music furnished by the orchestra under the direction of Dr. Will George Butler.

The story of the Yokohama Maid tells of O Sing-a-Song, a Japanese heiress, whose claim to her father's fortune by the terms of the will is that she must be willing to give herself in marriage to Fateddo, the old, clumsy, homely, blundering and ignorant mayor of Kybosho. The marriage is required, not because of any personal merit of Fateddo, but because of the father's ambition for his daughter to marry a mayor. O Sing-a-Song is a very beautiful girl, and Fateddo, knowing the terms of the will, anticipates the marriage with added force, because the deceased father was a very rich merchant. O Sing-a-Song contemplates marriage with the cunning old Fateddo with dislike amounting to aversion. Fateddo sends O Sing-a-Song to America to be educated before becoming his bride. She remains in America two years, and while here, she meets a young and handsome American mayor and Fateddo's "goose is cooked." She marries the American mayor, and, the terms of the will being complied with in this way, she receives her legacy.

The part of O Sing-a-Song, the leading lady, presented by Miss Ruth D. Hughes, demanded praise-worthy attention. She was very graceful in her acting, while her vocal numbers were rendered with more than usual effectiveness.

The other principal characters who rendered excellent selections and who acted equally as well were as follows:

Harry A. Taylor, Fateddo Mayor of Kybosho
Lyle M. Ferris, Takasi Herald of Kybosho
Harold Strait, Knoudi Secretary of Fateddo
Charles S. St. Clair, Harry Cortcase .. American Mayor
Esther Swartwood, Kissimee, Comp'n of O Sing-a-Song
Harriet Wakeman, Tung Waga An Elderly Nurse
Thomas Hiscox, Ah No, Ah Amn. Chinese Laundryman
Marguerite Palmer and Lucile Palmer, Japanese Girls
Mary A. Brundage, Hilda; Wynona Wombaugh, Stella;
American Tourists

The chorus included the following:

Sopranos:—Mary Anderson, Lena Corson, Mazie Nicholas, Louise Preston, Eleanor Quinn, Adelen Wilson.

Basses:—Paul Allison, Gordon E. Bailey, James M. Brown, Irving Frances, J. Byron Golden, J. Albro Hoban, George B. Navel, Carl A. Roos, Myrl B. Sharp, Rupert M. Swetland.

Altos:—Hazel Hutton, Evangeline Loomis, Lucile Palmer, Marguerite Palmer.

Tenors:—Francis A. Clifford, George F. Davis, Howard E. Deily, Edward Finn, Wilford Johnson.

Between the acts the clever dancing of the "fireflies" won much applause. The "fireflies" were: Misses Helene Ruddy, Mildred Ward, Lactea Hawken, Anastasia Dempsey and Martha Gallup.

The opera will be repeated June 27, 1917, for the benefit of friends and relatives of the graduating class.

—H.M.S.

A Botany Student's Essay on Springtime.

Al Tennyson tells us "In the springtime a young man's fancy, etc.," and naturally our minds turn to gardens.

First come flower gardens. If you care to have one of these you must first have some dirt. This is very essential. Also it is a good plan to plant seeds, as they generally produce the flowers.

As to Winter Gardens, we have a much harder problem. The former King of Portugal gave considerable attention to this style. In fact Anna Held had one there. Mumm's Extra Dry is one of the products of Winter Gardens, which curious to say, is neither mum nor dry.

Vegetable Gardens are the places where farmers raise gold dollars. Potatoes sometimes grow in these gardens. However, they do not grow in the mashed condition we get them. The potato makes a very pretty table decoration for the reception room.

Beer gardens are much more useful than most others. Water should be used very sparingly in these. Never hunt for Daddies which are Straughn and Strait in this variety of garden because they are not found there. It is very hard to raise money in Beer Gardens.

There are many other kinds of gardens, but Summer Gardens and some are not—say it fast. Get it?

"Doc"

Essence of Dormitory.

By one of the Staff. (Guaranteed to be unadulterated, free from acidity and colored with no undue imagination.)

Editor's Note—After the completion of this article the author was seized with violent brain storms. He is, by the way, now residing in Danville.

To the most quiet and unassuming of people the unusual will sometimes happen.

How little did I realize that adventure, dread and unexpected, waited for me, as, assembled in Room I, our worthy Editor turned and addressed us thus, "Members and Faculty Advisor of the immortal Spotlight Staff, something's got to be did." It is not fitting in this enlightened day of scientific research that the life and occupations of the inmates of any institution be uninvestigated and unknown. The various activities of North Hallites are veiled in mystery, tho strange rumors have oft' times reached us. That this condition should not be, I am sure you will agree.

Therefore, after the time-honored method of "Eeny, meeny, miney, mo," I will proceed to appoint him who shall make this complete and thorough investigation; Eeny, Meeny, miny, mo—Catch a nigger by his toe—if he hollers, let him go—Eeny, meeny, miny, mo—you, sir, are the man, you shall conduct this investigation; after a sufficient period of time you shall report, if still alive, on those things which you have seen and heard. We wish you all success in your mission. Now is there any more business to be taken up?"

I sat, cold trembling, fearful; fate was indeed against me. I, most retiring and inexperienced of mortals, to be sent on such a quest. But as I pondered, fear left me. I'd hide in the waste baskets, that's what I'd do, and unobserved, I would observe, thru the splints and reeds of those various receptacles.

That evening, I silently slipped over icy arcades; I quietly ascended a fire escape; I unobtrusively opened a window; I flitted stealthily to a waste basket and fell thankfully in.

I had no more than half concealed myself when a door on the opposite side of the hall opened, and a girl appeared, arrayed in a long flowing garment splattered with hideous dragons and devil's darning needles. In one hand she held a cup, in the other a plate. She looked up, the hall, she looked down, she muttered, "No one's looking," she darted to my waste basket and squarely on my cringing cranium there splashed a scalding cup of cocoa. I gasped. A shower of olive pits followed; a chicken bone, pencil shavings, and at least three dozen apple cores. I gasped no more. I swooned. Until three A. M. I lay there, fainting, sick at heart. What manner of place was this. Oh fateful 'Eeny, meeny, miney, mo'.

Suddenly I started; my scalded ear had caught the sound of weird strange chuckles and stifled gurgles that seemed to float from out a darkened transom.

Then slowly, inch by inch, I saw that dread door open. Into the dimness of the hall I saw two ghostly figures glide. Irresolute they stood, for a moment, sniffing the air, as tho scenting danger, then with one accord I saw them turn and flip-flap swiftly down

the hall, to disappear behind a mysteriously opening door, that swung out wide for them. Other figures followed, unearthly whiteclad figures.

Then from afar I heard mutterings and angry footsteps, and I shrank back in my basket as the spirit of law and order, invested in the person of a piece of faculty, swept majestically by.

Outside that door of mystery she paused, glaring up at that dark closed transom from which no sound issued. I saw her wildly clutch her head, searching thru her graying locks as tho for some lost article; she found it, a doubled piece of stiff black wire.

Down on her knees I saw her sink, and from that wellstuffed keyhole I watched her deftly dig yards of pale blue ribbon and at least three pounds of paper wads. And then, by the Man in the Moon I swear it, she thrust up to that keyhole, her aristocratic, her well-bred, her entirely Patrician nose. I saw her sniff, I saw a grim self satisfied expression spread over her chiseled features. She listened intently, and then she rose and departed in the direction she had come.

Wearied, cramped and trembling, scalded and comfortless. I essayed to sleep. I had but just adjusted my bones to olive pits, shoe boxes and beef jars when the air about me was shattered with a terrible ear-splitting clang. For the second time I swooned, again the air was rent and still again. I yelled with terror, but my cries were unheard. Bedlam seemed suddenly to have been let loose. Doors slammed, voices shrieked, shoes banged, and out into the hall rushed swarms and swarms of fighting, gasping hurrying females. Some laced shoes as they ran, others piled streaming hair on top of their heads and anchored it with hatpins, pencils, shoe strings, anything; others fled dabbing their noses with streaks of a white floury substance held in the hollow of their hands; others cried distressingly, "Hook me, hook me, hook me."

From the floors above poured more of these frantic creatures all hurrying, pushing, tumbling to the floors beneath. For five terrible minutes it lasted, then all was still. I heard the clock strike six, and suddenly my sick brain understood. Those halferazed humans were going to breakfast.

Slowly like an old man I rose from my basket. I staggered wearily to a hall window. I felt like a lump of lead to the arcade below. I dragged myself inch by inch from that place of mystery, that house of torture. I have flayed my fainting spirit as I've penned these halting lines. Oh Editor, Faculty Advisor, Members of the Editorial Staff, I have performed my duty, let it be said of me "He went, he saw, he heard, bodily he returned, mentally, we are not prepared to say."

She—What, O what, I ask you, would this world be without women?

He—Happy.

She—And what would a party be without women?

He—Why, a stag party.

She—And what would a nation be without us women?

He—(looking for a quick exit) Why, stagnation, I suppose.

He was right, eh?

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PROBABLE EFFECT OF WAR ON M. S. N. S.

"War with Germany has hit colleges and universities hard," says The Philadelphia Press. "The pursuit of knowledge has given way to the call of the country for men for the war ships and trenches. As a result, the educational institutions face a serious crisis. The call for men has exacted heavy tolls from the student ranks. In some institutions one-third of the men enrolled have left, or are preparing to leave for war service, before the completion of the collegiate year. What next year may bring forth no one can tell. It is almost certain, however, that if war continues until the opening of the new college term in October; and the need for men is urgent, the student bodies will be cut tremendously."

The above paragraph is an accurate report of what is really happening in the larger educational institutions of the country.

We have not been affected in that way yet but we can expect it sooner or later. The change in local conditions, however, will probably not take place until next fall. The school year now is nearly ended and so far conditions here have been unchanged by the war. What the fall will bring, "no one knows," as is stated in the foregoing paragraph, but if the war continues throughout the summer, as it probably will, our student body, too, will undoubtedly be "cut tremendously."

Will Join Aviation Corps.

Grant Carpenter, who graduated from the Normal last year, has announced his intention of enlisting in an aviation corps to fight "somewhere in France." He expects to leave for France during the early part of June. Carpenter, in a letter to Irving Francis, stated that the average life of an aviator in France was found to be nine days, "but," he added optimistically, "I'll be one of those they won't get. I'll be back."

To the President.

The eyes of the world are upon thee,
Thou great one, that standest alone;
So nigh to the nest of the eagle
At the foot of our Father's throne.
They are watching and chiding and blaming,
Those monarchs, all sated with gore;
And they say that our eagle is harmless
And that lost is the prestige of yore.

But soon will the mockers be silenced,
For the teeth of the dragon are sown,
And a host will spring forth at thy signal
Thou wise one, that watchest alone,
The hearts of a people are with thee,
Courageous and trusting and true,
And the flower of a land that is sacred
Will die for the Red, White and Blue.

Time was when we chafed at thy waiting,
We longed at our foemen to strike,
For we saw not the things that thou sawest,
Thou watcher alone on the height.
Thou hast watched all alone in the darkness,
Thou didst struggle midst gloom and dismay,
Like the One in Gethsemane's garden,
Who waited the coming of day.

Past is the darkness we doubted,
Soon the day with its horrors will come,
When the veils will be rended asunder
And the lips of the scorners be dumb,
Though our bravest may bleed, we'll not reckon
As too costly the price paid for right,
If more deep grows the red in Old Glory
And its stars with our weeping more bright.

We are waiting thy signal, O Chieftain!
As thou standest so fearless and lone,
Nigh to the nest of the eagle
At the foot of our Master's throne.
To the God of our fathers we're praying
That He'll guide us on land and on sea,
And we thank Him with hearts overflowing,
For a leader, our Wilson, like thee.

Grace Webster.

You Ask Me, "Are You Still Alive?"

I am still alive and kickin',
But my strength is failin' fast,
And if my constitution,
'Till the school year end does last,
You may say I am an iron man,
For to say so must be true,
Considerin' the grub we get,
Potatoes, baked, and gue.

Perhaps I'd best not kick them, yet,
For sometime not far off,
I may wish for a table, set,
With things at which, I scoff
So let's be cheerful, while we may,
And not let on we're sore,
For well, now we have today
Tomorrow, may be war.

"Hitting 'Em Where They Ain't."

A Newspaper Story.

By B. B. Powell.

["Hitting 'em where they ain't" is what baseball players like. Tennis sharks delight in slamming their little pill either too fast for their opposing players to meet successfully or else just a little without their reach. In either case it is an instance of "hitting 'em where they ain't." In another game somewhat as popular as the two just mentioned, this principle holds true and the enjoyment that accompanies the little trick is just as intense if not more so, as the pleasure which comes from the baseball and tennis phase of the argument. This game is a little more difficult than either baseball or tennis but it is just as interesting, nevertheless. Highbrows call it "journalism," but those who are in it, call it the "game," while the principle of "hitting 'em where they ain't" is known to newspaper men as a "scoop."]

For three years Ross Phillips had been a reporter on the morning Star in Elkton. His success as a news writer seemed rather wavering and uncertain to those who had watched his work from the time he left college up to his third anniversary at a reporter's desk in the Star news room. He "covered" the police and aldermanic courts, markets, undertakers and hospitals for the Star but with little apparent success. That is, the exclusive stories, when they would break, instead of appearing in the Star would be found in the news columns of the Tribune, the opposition paper. Tommy Sullivan, who was covering the same route for the Tribune as Phillips for the Star, was responsible for this. And to make matters worse, Sullivan whenever he could land a "scoop" would kid Phillips about it. The Star reporter was peeved over his failure to land the exclusive stuff and so was the city editor under whom he worked.

"Why not wake up and hear the alarm clock ring, Phillips?" City Editor Duffy remarked to him sarcastically one day. "This man Sullivan on the sheet across the street is beating you to a frazzle. Better take a few lessons in developing your sense for news so that you'll know a good story when you see it. If you want to keep your job you've got to stop that other fellow from getting all the good stuff and bring in some of it yourself. In other words you've got to start hitting 'em where they ain't if you want to hang on with this paper."

This harsh criticism cut deeply into Phillips' sensitive disposition but it did not discourage him. He was confident of his ability as a news writer but what troubled him mostly was his inability to get news. He thought of the numerous scoops Sullivan had put over on him; how he had talked with the same people that the Tribune man had spoken with on the same days that he, Sullivan, had managed to get away with the exclusive stories. Why couldn't he get the stories as well as Sullivan was the question he put to himself and it was while he was in this interrogative state of mind that Phillips found that the Tribune man had something he didn't have. This was what he learned: Sullivan when given the slightest hint of a story would stick to it until he found what there was to it.

He would follow up this tip like a detective following up a clue and never quit until he knew all there was to be known about the matter. Then if there was some news value to it he would spring the story and prance about his route knowing that he was getting away with the little stunt that City Editor Duffy described as "hitting 'em where they ain't."

"I have the right dope on the newspaper game now," he said to himself; "it's the old rule which the Canadian Mounted Police know so well. They are sent out after a man knowing they dare not return without him. From now on, when assigned to get a story I'm going to drift back to the office with it or bust in the attempt. That's the only way to get the exclusive stuff and I'm going to show people what I can do on this 'hitting 'em where they ain't principle."

From that time there was a marked improvement in the Star reporter's work. Sullivan's scoops became less numerous until finally the pair were running nip-and-tuck. The big day came, however, when Phillips landed his long expected scoop. Mayor Donnelly, of Elkton, had been summoned to New York City to appear before a group of two hundred politicians. Why he had been called there no one knew. The mayor, himself, refused to say anything and the people of Elkton were craving for information about the matter.

When the day scheduled for Mayor Donnelly's appearance arrived, Phillips and Sullivan were in New York ready to handle the story for their respective papers. The meeting was held in a hall on Thirty-Second Street with men representing various counties of the Empire state in attendance. The first obstacle with which the Elkton newspaper men had to contend, when they reached the place of the meeting was the announcement of the ushers to the effect that they were to admit no reporters.

They argued in vain for admittance to the hall and finally left the place in disgust.

"Come around to the side of the building, Tommy," invited Phillips as he started in the direction of an open window which appeared to be a distance of about twenty feet from the ground.

"You let me stand on your shoulders," said Phillips "and I'll climb along that pillar and get in on the meeting thru the window there. You can see me after the session and get the story. How 'bout it? Are you game?"

Sullivan giggled and remarked, "It listens well, Ross, but you have as much of a chance of getting away with anything like that as a Welshman has of calling a harp a Molly McGuire and then in succeeding to get along for the remainder of his life without the use of crutches and the attention of a competent surgeon. It's all wrong, kid. It's all wrong."

"Can that chatter, Tommy," shot back Phillips. "What I want to know is whether you're willing to help me get in thru that window."

"Sure, I'll give you a lift," replied Sullivan, "and I'll go a little farther than that. I'll even pray for the

repose of your soul after they have attended to you for trying to get into the place when they told you to keep out."

The parleying stopped there and within a few seconds Phillips was climbing thru the window. Sullivan was standing and watching the open window space patiently. Suddenly, just as he was about to turn away he heard some shuffling noise coming from the direction of the window and then down came Phillips. He hit the ground with a thud but soon recovered himself. He brushed off his clothes, listened to the half jeering and half sympathetic remarks of his fellow newspaper man and then started for the street.

The chances for getting the story now appeared rather slim. He tried to gain encouragement by thinking of the Canadian Mounted Police rule but that seemed impossible. As he stood on the street corner pondering and trying to decide what to do a messenger boy passed him. A sudden inspiration seized him and he started for the boy.

"Hey, kid!" he yelled.

"Huh!" murmured the boy as he turned to see who was calling him.

"Do you want to get a little change tonight?" asked Phillips as he approached the messenger with a worried expression creeping over his face.

"Shure t'ing," shot back the boy.

"Well, let me have your coat and cap for a few hours tonight and I'll give you the price of a new suit," said Phillips.

"Yer on," replied the messenger as he proceeded to take off the required garments.

Phillips who was slightly built and very light had little trouble in getting into the messenger boy's coat. He dressed himself quickly and with his new makeup started off for the meeting. He reached the hall in a few minutes and with a neatly folded piece of paper in his hand walked by the ushers at the entrance saying as he passed them that he had a telegram for Mayor Donnelly. He walked quickly down one of the side aisles and dodged into one of the boxes. There he remained for the balance of the meeting.

The following morning in the Elkton Star there appeared a lengthy story of Mayor Donnelly's arraignment before representatives of the Democratic County committees of New York State on charges of misappropriating election funds. In the Tribune news columns a brief and sad account was printed of the "mysterious meeting behind closed doors." The contrast of the two articles showed that Phillips had given his paper the biggest exclusive story that had broken within newspaper circles for years; and that the Star reporter who had been so slow to learn the news value of a story had finally succeeded in learning the principle of "hitting 'em where they ain't" and under extremely difficult circumstances had landed the best scoop of recent years.

Prof. Grant—What is temporary hard water?
Arnold—Ice.

Auntie—(explaining the biblical story.)—Lot was told to take his wife and daughters and flee. There's Lot; there is his wife, and three are his daughters, a little way behind.

Nephew—Yes, but where's the flea?

Delirium.

She was a junior, sore distressed
She tore her hair and beat her breast,
She rolled her eyes and weakly groaned—
And this is what we heard her moan:
"Oh gastropod, Oh gastropod
I've got you mixed with anthropod—
Please have you got a vertebrate—
Or do you have some other shape?
Are you the one that lost its toes
Or did you get a beaked nose—?
Please, in what period were you born
And was the climate hot or warm?
Maybe you knew Iriceratops—
Or Stegasaurns like as not.
And did the ape descend from man?
I know I'll flunk, but I can cram.
Oh gastropod, Oh gastropod—
I've got you mixed with anthropod."
We held her hands, we cooled her brow
We did the best that we knew how—
We practiced Kichline's best psychology
But she died in class of crammed geology.
"Squibs."

From One Who Knows!

Between ten o'clock and eleven,
When the time seems to pass by so slow—
Comes a time when to Normal school students
They'd give dollars for small nuts of dough.

They're not to be blamed, no! by Heaven!
Considering the things that they get—
The bread crusted over from standing,
And hot water, that's not even wet!

Then comes dinner, with no good thing wanting,
'Tis then that all eat their fill,
For the hours are long 'till six o'clock,
And waiting takes power-of-will!

The supper's a gamble—don't chance it,
For truly, you never can tell
What they'll serve on our dining room tables,
It's a guess even after you smell.
So list' if you want to get fatter—
Or e'en if you wish to get fat,
Normal schools are no place to grow up in—
You'd best stay at home, where you're at.

He Had a Reason.

"I heard a man call his wife "Birdie" the other day.
"What a peculiar name for his wife."
"Yes, he said she was always associated in his mind
with a bill."—Ex.

Watchful Waiter—What a small mouth you have!
Prepared Waitress—Oh, I don't know; it's big
enough for two.—Yale Record.

"Won't you kiss me?"
"Is that an invitation or are you merely gathering
statistics?"—Illinois Siren.

Waterbury-Swartwood Recital.

Miss Emma Belle Waterbury, assisted by Miss Esther R. Swartwood, gave an interesting elocution recital, to an appreciative audience on Tuesday evening, May 22, in Alumni Hall. Miss Waterbury is a senior of the Elocution department, and showed by her excellent work, the fine training which is received by students of this department. The way in which she interpreted her selections commanded the hearty applause of her audience.

The vocal numbers given by Miss Swartwood, soprano, claim equal praise. Miss Swartwood was accompanied by Miss Vivian Aston.

The program was as follows:

Let Us Smile

Miss Waterbury

An Open Secret Woodman

Miss Swartwood

(a) A Cabin Tale

(The young master asks for a story)

(b) The Old Front Gate Dunbar

Miss Waterbury

Two Roses Gilberte

Miss Swartwood

Young Fellow My Lad Robert W. Service

Miss Waterbury

(a) The Robin Sings in the Apple Tree

(b) A Maid Sings High McDowell

Miss Swartwood

A Reading, What William Henry Did .. J. L. Harbon

Miss Waterbury

What She Wanted.

She said she just loved chocolate,
So I bought her a ton or two.
Then she doted on pink carnations
Till I'd bought out the florist, too.

Every show that came to town
Was a "hit from old Broadway."
And after we'd seen a score of them
I found it didn't pay.

I couldn't somehow make a hit,
No matter where we went—
Till I found out what she did want,
And it didn't cost a cent!

—Brown Brunonian.

Shadow Secrets.

When first I saw them—him and her—
They stood together, face to face;
Then shadows deepened where they were
When first I saw them—him and her.
Until I watched their figures blur—
Yet, as before had been the case,
When first I saw them—him and her,
They stood together—face to face.

—Purple Cow.

Mistress—Are you married?
Maid—No'm, I bumped into a door.—Nebraska
Awgwan.

Conversations in the Quiet of Your Rooms.

On the bureau not far from you
There lies an interesting family
'Tis so, my dears, of their devotion
I'm pretty sure you have some notion,
For if you did—Well, never mind,
Your not intentionally unkind.
But the other day I heard—sh-h-hush!
Grandfather Mirror and mother Brush
Conversing, then both began to weep.
"Oh, Oh," groaned the brush, "I can never keep
My family together. Where's Father Comb?
And Nancy Nail File has never come home!
Oh, grandfather, dear, will you go and look
And see if you see Little Buttonhook?
For I'm so tangled and choked with hair
I'm ashamed to go out anywhere!"
Just then came a voice from behind the door,
"Don't worry, mother, I'm on the floor;
Helen she always leaves me 'round,
But never mind, I'll soon be found!"
"Oh, Nancy, dear, you'll be trod upon!
Will no one save her? What's to be done!
And little Buttonhook where are you?"
"Under the bed in Mary's shoe."
Called a small faint voice and, "Oh, dear me!
I'm just as nervous as I can be."
"No worse off than I," groaned a hollow voice.
I'm jammed in the window because it shakes,
And no one knows how my poor back aches,"
'Twas father Comb. "And I wonder whether
We'll ever get safely home again!"
For your satisfaction, my dear, I'll say,
That later on that self same day
They were reunited. I wonder whether
YOUR bureau family is all together?

Gentlemen, Be Seated—Bones—Did you see dose ten
o' fifteen nigga's walkin' down the main street of
Bellefonte last Sunday?

Jasmonia—Uh-uh, dey was goin' to a funeral!

B—To a funeral? What was dey doin' wid dem
tin pails on der arms?

J—Oh, dey was goin' black-berrin'—Froth.

They Don't Speak Now—Tish—And believe me, she
is some girl.

Tush—Clever?

Tishr—Oh, very! She's got brains enough for
two.

Tush—Just the girl for you. Why don't you marry
her?—Awgwan.

Still Hope for "Don."

There was a tall girl from the city,
Who is noted for being quite witty.
When asked for a dance,
We heard her by chance
Say, "When you grow up Mr. Smithy."

Ethyl—My new gown needs something to improve
its shape.

Bert—Why not crawl into it?—Penn State Froth.

Penn State Freshmen Defeated

Too much Gazella spelled defeat for the Penn State Freshmen nine on Saturday, April 28, when they met the Normal boys in a fast nine-inning tilt only to come out with the small end of a 5-4 score.

The box score follows:

MANSFIELD	R	H	O	A	E
Creswell, ss	1	2	1	2	0
Graiger, 2b	1	0	0	2	3
Rockwell, rf	1	1	1	0	0
Gazella, p	1	2	1	1	1
Matteson, 3b	0	0	0	0	1
H. McInroy, lf	0	0	2	0	0
McNamara, 1b	1	1	10	0	0
Sayre, cf	0	0	1	0	0
Reckus, c	0	1	4	0	3
E. McInroy, 2b	0	0	0	1	0

Totals 5 7 24 6 8

PENN STATE	R	H	O	A	E
Merkle, 2b	2	2	2	1	0
Mullin, ss	0	0	0	0	1
McKelvey, 1b	1	0	12	0	2
Julian, cf	0	0	1	0	0
Dunbar, 3b	0	0	1	3	0
Black, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Osbourne, lf	0	0	2	0	0
Brunbaugh, c	0	0	7	1	0
Elliott, p	0	0	1	2	0
Parfitt, p	1	1	1	1	0

Totals 4 3 27 8 3

Score by innings:

Mansfield	1	1	0	0	0	2	1	0	z—5
Penn State	2	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	—4

Summary:—Three base hit, Gazella. Two base hit, Parfitt. Struck out, by Gazella 11, Elliott 1, Parfitt 5. Hit by pitcher, Granger, Osbourne. Stolen bases, McKelvey, Merkle, Creswell 2, M. McInroy 2, McNamara. Umpire, Brace.

HAYES TRIMS BLOSS.

Blossburg's heavy swatters were unable to do anything much with the port-sided delivery of "Kithoger" Hayes, so the Normal boys got away with a 7-4 victory when they met the Bloss nine on Wednesday afternoon, May 16, in their first game away from home.

The score by innings:

Mansfield	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	3—7
Blossburg	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	—4

While the Waiter Waits—The Embarrassed One—You've saved my life with the fiver. I'll owe you an eternal debt of gratitude.

The Generous One—I don't care how long you owe me your gratitude, but as to the five simoleons—that's another matter.—Punch Bowl.

He—"May I see you tonight?"

She—"Yes, but remember that father turns off the lights at 10:30."

He—"All right, I'll be there promptly at half past ten."—Ohio Sun Dial.

Normal 2; Blossburg 0.

The Normal boys won their third straight game on Wednesday afternoon, May 23, when Gazella shut out Blossburg by a score of 2 to 0. The clever work of Harry McInroy in the outfield and the sensational base running of "Summal" Cresswell were features of the game.

The box score:

NORMAL	R	H	O	A	E
Cresswell, ss	1	1	1	0	0
Granger, 2b	1	0	3	2	1
McNamara, 1b	0	0	12	0	1
Gazella, p	0	2	0	4	0
H. McInroy, lf	0	0	5	1	0
Moore, c	0	0	4	3	0
Matteson, 3b	0	1	0	2	2
E. McInroy, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Sayre, cf	0	1	2	0	0
*Reckus	0	0	0	0	0

Totals 2 5 27 12 4

BLOSSBURG	R	H	O	A	E
Plocinski, ss	0	0	1	1	2
Lesneski, 2b	0	1	0	0	1
Mann, c	0	0	10	1	0
Kinney, 1b	0	1	5	0	0
Brooks, p	0	0	1	5	0
L. Schultz, cf	0	0	2	0	0
Larson, rf	0	2	0	0	1
Rutski, 3b	0	1	0	0	1
C. Schultz, lf	0	0	5	0	0

Totals 0 5 24 7 5

*batted for McInroy in the 8th

Score by innings:

Blossburg	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0
Mansfield	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	x—2

Summaries:—Struck out, by Gazella 5, by Brooks 6. Base on balls, by Gazella 1, by Brooks 2. Stolen bases, Cresswell, Granger, H. McInroy, Lesneski, Kinney and Larson. Two base hit, Gazella. Left on bases, Mansfield 6, Blossburg 6. Umpire, Brace.

At the End of a Perfect Roll.

(With all the apologies we can make.)

When you come to the end of a perfect roll
And you sit alone with your thought
And you see in the bank but the empty hole
That your two weeks' trip has wrought,
Do you think of the "fives and the "tens" you had
And wish for their sight once more?
Do your vanished greenbacks leave you sad
When you're glad vacation's o'er?

Well, this is the end of a perfect roll
At the end of a journey, too.
And it leaves a thought that is big and strong
For the coin that so quickly flew.
Now mem'ry has painted this perfect roll
In colors that never fade,
And we find at the end that we need that dough
For the bills that we left unpaid.

—Edger A. Guest in Detroit Free Press.

Summer Folly; Some Are Not.

Educative.

Now Roger once, in a mood of choler,
Thrust his head under a traction roller.
The neighbors were surprised to find
How it had broadened Roger's mind.—Tiger

Notice, Domestic Sci's.—Save your old alarm
clocks, knock out the works with a stove lid handle or
a curling iron, and use the cases for jelly glasses.

Doctor—"How does Miss O'Connor take pills?"
Helen Scanlon—"Incider."

Visitors at M. S. N. S.—"Is Helene Ruddy one of
the 400?"
Student—"Oh yes, she's one of the ciphers."

Examiner—How is Central America divided?
Pupil—By earthquakes.—Passing Show.

Miss Gordon—"Why is 'Sumul' limping around?"
"Tuckey"—"Why, he fell in love and broke his en-
gagement."

Ben Jonson was the first Englishman to drop
his h's.

Are you married? asked the attorney.
"Yep" replied Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark.,
who was on the witness stand,—"sorter."

Hence the Heathen—"Father is no longer an
Episcopalian."

"Why not?"

"He said the 7th inning came too often in the
service."—Lampoon.

Of Course!—He—May I kiss you?
She—There are certain things which a gentleman
takes for granted.—Record.

In Urup—French trooper—The Fritzes all carry
umbrellas in the trenches.

British Tommy—Ah! And what for?

France—So they can't be taken by storm.—Chap-
arral.

Poor Mr. Brown—"Y'know Mr. Brown? He's got
a lien on that house."

"He was worse than that last night."—Purple Cow.

What! Again!

"Why is a class room like a Ford?"
"A bunch of nuts with a crank in front."

Lehigh Bun.

He Sure Is.

Miss Aston—"Is Don Smith a tenor?"
Brown—"Yes, ten or eleven."

Or, "We Have the Beach to Ourselves"—He (start-
ing something)—Fairytale don't always start with
"Once upon a time."

She (stopping it)—No! Sometimes they start with
"Isn't the moon lovely?"—Record.

A Good Reason—Stude—I'm going to flunk that
English Lit course.

Hick—Why?

Stude—I won't read Johnson. I draw the color
line.—Jester.

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng—
But in our selves are triumph and defeat.

—Henry W. Longfellow: The Poets

Time to Learn More.

Hero—Dearest, will you love me always?"

Leander—Sweetest, I have loved you all the ways
I know how.—Longhorn.

Electric—"That's a fine suit you have there. What
is it?"

"O dynamo suit."

"How's that?"

"It's charged."—Record.

Like Some Records—He—You have a wonderful
voice.

She—Do you think so?

He—Indeed yes! Else it would have been worn
out long ago.—Pelican.

Sunday school teacher—Willie, who was born in
Bethlehem?

Willie—Charles M. Schwab.—Harvard Lampoon.

Dear Miss Fairfacts—Please tell me what Catherine
Harkins likes best.

Dear X. Y. Z.—A good "Wallup."

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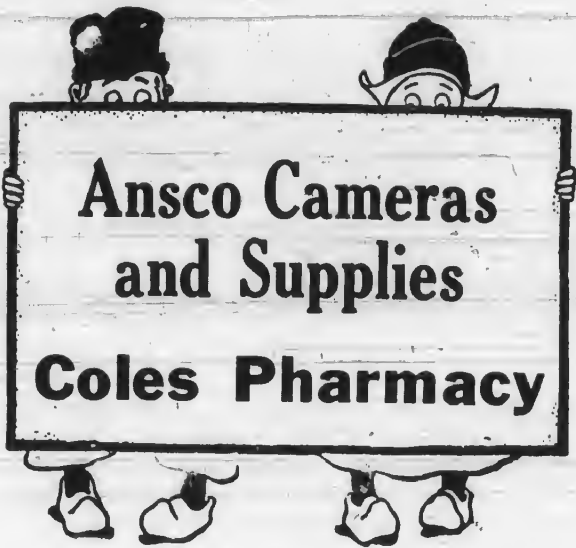
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